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TERMS.

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Job Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphl Blanks, Labels, &c , &c., executed with accuracy and the shortest notice.

For The Intelligencer.

ORIGINAL-TO C. J. D. Yes, thou wert a lovely vision
In a night of gloom and pain,
Leading me through scenes Elysian
Back to joyous youth again.

But the glorious dream has faded, Fuded from my aching sight, And has left my spirit shaded In a cloud of deeper night,

Like a cloud of snowy whiteness That above me came and passed.
Angel-featured in its brightness,—
Yet its form a shadow cast;

Dimming in my path the gladness Of the yet unclouded day, Leaving there a deeper sadness When its beauty passed away.

Better that I had not met thee .-Strangely chanced it that we met; Better far could I forget thes, All these idle dreams forget;

For the brigh est dreams on waking Saddest to the memory are;
As the strongest cords in breaking
Leave behind the deepest scar.

We have parted, aye! forever; I no more may see thy face, I must strive my heart to sever From its memory every trace.

Fare thee well, may peace attend thee In the distant home where thou, Heedless of the prayer I send thee, Spirit-guarded, slumberest now. SOMEBODY'S BOY.

BY TWILIGHT.

Somebody's son was out last night Bruising about the town; And, if I mistake not, he was tight, "Tight as a Derby clown." I know he's considered a moral youth, Above suspicion—but that Is no reason why, to tell the truth, He hadn't "a brick in his hat."

Daylight morality often takes Strange funcies into his head, And "plays the d—l," or "jumps up a When the public eye is in bed."

"My son can't dance," Somebody said, for never a lesson took he But he danced last night while you were in bed And Twilight was there to see.

You may call it dancing, or not, as you feel, Though, for half an bour or more, He danced or "jigged" a "tangle-foot reel," In front of my office door.

"My son can't sing," Somebody swears,
But he sung last night, I know,
As hellish a song as a demon dares
To s.ng in the regions below. "My son don't imbibe," Somebody thinks, Well, maybe he don't, but then, That he acts very much like one who drinks, Can be proved by a hundred men.

Yet something was tight, yes, drunk, last night So drunk it could scarcely crawl— Perhaps 'twas the brim of a crownless hat, That I found by my garden wall.

So, for fear I am wrong, and Somebody's right,

THE OLD OAK CHEST.

CHAPTER I.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon on a cold, gloomy day at the end of January, in the year 1829, when a fair young girl stood at a costage window, watching with tearful eyes the retreating form of one who had just bidden her farewell for an indefinite period. She had gone throug 1 the leave-taking bravely, trying passed away since last he looked upon the to lighten his heart with cheering words though her own was full of heaviness, but when she had lost sight of his tall figure amid the increasing darkness, she came back to ber place by the fireside, and said in a sorrowful tone-Oh, mother, it will be a weary summer,

and he away.'

'Yes, my dear child; but let us remember that it is for his good, and it may not another corner of the room was a great be for long, after all. Perhaps, Mary, even before this time next year, we may have him back with us again.'

Mary tried to feel hopeful, but a strange foreboding of evil weighed down her spirits to the lowest ebb, and despite all her own efforts and her mother's kind and gentle reasoning, she could not shake it off.

lady whose husband had been an officer in were now derived from the small pension allowed to a captain's widow. She was in unnatural sleep, but how long that had very delicate health, and had been lame lasted he could not tell. for reveral years in consequence of an acing to her economy and industry, the in- except a small skylight in the middle of a valid was afforded many comforts out of lofty roof formed of rough timbers. their slender income that, with a less careful housekeeper, she could not have had, and the house, though humble, was always so neat and nice that it was more pleasant

Archer had just parted? He was but her side? lever-her betrothed; but he was as poor the capacity of tutor to that gentleman's

Going to Germany thirty years ago was not quite so simple an affair as it is now, and in the mind of Mary Archer the journey was fraught with a thousand perils and dangers that affrighted her, and when she had received his last embrace she felt as if they were being separated forever.

He had accepted the appointment because he could get nothing more eligible prospect in the distance, which made his difficulties light to bear, and had it not been for leaving his beloved, he would have had no objection to a temporary so- and a covered basket:

journ in a foreign country.

Left an orphan and penniless at an early age, he was admitted into the school of Christ's Hospital through the interest of an old lady who had known his mother from her childhood. At 18 he gained an examination for Oxford, where he studied with a view in due time of entering the church, and in due time was ordained .--Then his kind benefactress, who had continued to befriend him, put a crowning hand to her good work by purchasing-for him the reversion of a living worth from four to five hundred a year, the incumbent of which was an old man, and shortly after

Everard Newton had now to struggle on as best he might until the benefice should become vacant-and having vainly attempted to secure a curacy or a junior mastership in one of the public schools, he accepted the office of private tutor to the

to visit Germany.

Mary Archer had long been the chosen of his heart, and he knew that his love was reciprocated—but he did not know, for Mary had carefully concealed that circumstance from him, that he had a rival in the lord of the manor, Mr. Lousdale, a little, grey-headed, old man, somewhat deformed markable for his refined and polite man-

It was hut two years since he had come from Italy to take possession of the large property that had devolved on him in consequence of the death of his brother, so that he was but little known in the country where his estate was situated, but he stood well with the neighboring gentry, and also with his tenantry, taking care to propitiate the former by his courteous deneanor, and the latter by his liberality .-He always spoke in a gentle tone, never using harsh words even when angry, and there was generally a bland smile on his countenance that gained him the reputation of being a benevolent, kind-hearted

The youth and extreme beauty of Mary Archer had first drawn his notice towards her, and these attractions being heightened by the amiable disposition displayed in her affectionate attentions to her suffering parent, had induced him to offer her his hand, in the full belief that the magic influence of wealth would counterbalance the objections of age and infirmity.

Mary said she felt grateful for the pre-

ference with which he had honored her, but that her heart had long been given to another; and then she candidly told him what was her lover's actual position-she spoke of his present straightened circumstances, as well as of his future prospects, and gracefully but decidedly declined the offer of riches and splendor now laid at her feet; on which the disappointed wooer, with many expressions of deep regret, withdrew his suit, and departed.

Mary had said nothing about this proposal to Everard, fearing it might make him uneasy to know that, while he was far away, there was a lover so near, who had the power of holding out many temptations to induce her to break her faith.

And so he bade her adieu in happy ignorance of a danger that cextainly would have caused him much anxiety and disquietude.

He had a full mile to walk to meet the coach that was to convey him to London, and part of his way lay over a dreary common, at some distance from the high road, but as he had gone the same way at night several times before, he felt no fear of being molested, but walked on at a brisk pace, thinking of the lovely girl he had was thrown to the ground, while the thic stick he carried for protection, and a carpet bag containing some apparel, were

senses, and he knew no more.

The first moment of returning conscious- to that dismal place of confinement. ness was like the awakening from a long trance. It appeared to him as if ages had earth and sky. He felt that something extraordinary had happened, but could not remember what it was. His mind was confused, and he gazed with wonder on the unfamiliar objects that surrounded him.

He was lying on a low pallet in one corner of a large gloomy, ill-furnished never answers for long together.' apartment, dimly lighted by a single lamp that stood on a clumsy oaken table. In

and that was all the place contained. Everard sat up on the wretched couch, which was nothing but a hard matrass laid on the floor, and tried to recall the events the army, and whose sole means of support | convinced that some powerful opiate had been employed to throw him into a deep,

He was dressed the same as when he cident, so that she was wholly dependent left Mrs. Archer's cottage, but his watch on her daughter for the cares of a nurse, and purse were gone. A faint glimmering as well as for the management of her little of daylight was just beginning to appear household; and Mary discharged all these from above, and he now observed there duties so lovingly and faithfully that, ow- was no window in the dungeon-like room,

It was come time before he could discover any door, and when he did, he found it fastened on the outside. Then came the question-was he a prisoner, or had to look upon than many a grander dwelling. he been brought here by some good who was he from whom Mary Samaritan who had found him by the way-

The men who assaulted him were no as herself in worldly wealth, and was going doubt robbers, who had probably been to Germany with the Baron Steinbach, in interrupted before they had completed the work of spoliation, since they had not "stripped him of his raiment," and this was the more fortunate, as he had taken the precaution to secure some bank notes by sewing them within the lining of his

coat. At length he heard the sound of anproaching footsteps; then there was a creaking noise as of heavy bolts being and across the sea, too, in such stormy withdrawn; the door was opened, and, to his infinite horror and dismay, two men in for the time being, but he had a better black masks, each carrying a pistol in his of faggots, which he threw down on the hearth, the other a can of some hot liquid | will be well.'

All the horrors of the inquisition rose formidable in Germany, and asked him- that were gone. self, "Was it possible that such existed still? Was the Baron Steinbach a member of some dread fraternity, and were these men, who looked more like fiends than any thing human, sent to put him to

All these terrible ideas rushed like parent. lightning through his still bewildered brain, and starting to his feet he demanded Mr. Lonsdale renewed his visits at the

fiercely— What place is this? and why am I brought here?

'It is a very good place,' answered one of the fellows, in a gruff voice, and you posal she most gratefully accepted. wife, he would remain in England, an are brought here to be taken care of; so The doctor came. He said she required his house should be her mother's home. are brought here to be taken care of; so

As he spoke he placed on the table the

a dish of broiled bacon. Everard was thus relieved from his fears in person, but enormously rich, and re- of immediate bodily harm, but he said-

'I shall take nothing till I know by whose authority I am detained here and for what purpose.

'Then you'll keep a pretty long fast, I guess,' replied the man, with a laugh; but I shall leave the prog at any rate. Perhaps you'll change your mind.'

these four walls, and that peep-hole '- the grave. pointing to the skylight-' is out of reach.'

calmer tone—
My good friend, whith have certainly mistaken your game. I cannot be the person you meant to capture. For whom do you take me?

'Just for who you are, I suppose; the tutor that was engaged by his Excellency the Baron Steinbach.' 'Then it was he who caused me to be arrested ?' exclaimed Everard, now feeling

sure he was in Germany, perhaps in one of the Baron's own castles. 'Perhaps it may be, and perhaps it mayn't,' said the man doggedly; then pointing to the hearth, he observed, There's plenty of wood and a match-box.

You can make a fire when you want it. I hall come again in two hours.'

And so saying, he was about to quit

My life hangs upon a thread, and what shall come again in two hours.' the apartment, when Everard, with a sudden impulse, made a spring toward the door; but the man, perceiving his design, gave a loud whistle, on which his comrade who had made his exit after throwing down to Everard's fate. If I were sure that he the wood, appeared at the entry with his

pistol presented. 'No go, you see,' said the other. 'Our business is to keep you safe, and we mean to do it. You'll be treated like a prince, and may have any thing in reason to pass away the time. There's a lot of books in that old chest-they are all foreigners, but as you are a scholar, I suppose you they were singing the dirge of her departcan make 'em out.'

He then withdrew, and the harsh grating of the rusty bolts told the captive there was no hope of liberation.

Sick at heart, and tormented by thousand vain conjectures, he paced to and just left, when, in passing a clump of trees, fro, examining closely every corner of his he was suddenly seized by the arms, and, prison house; but there was not the before he had time to make any resistance, slightest sign of any aperture that might

After spending some time in this unprofitable pursuit, he began to think he wrested from his grasp.

He endeavored to call for help, but his is beneficently ordained that men shall night as well have some breakfast, for it voice was stifled by something that was have a propensity to eat and drink under pressed upon his face; he felt a sensation all circumstances, and so he made a toleras if he were being suffocated—then a able meal. Then he set about kindling a agitation. death-like stupor seemed to steal over his fire, which, in some measure, dissipated the gloom, and gave a cheerful aspect even

At the end of about two hours the two jailers returned, masked and armed as before, and one kept guard at the door while the other went in. He had brought a heap of blankets and a coverlet for the bed, and laughed heartily as he looked at

the remnants of the repast.
'All right,' he said; 'I knew you'd think better of the fasting system. That

Everard again tried to elicit some information as to where he was, and the object of his incarceration; but on these points wooden chest, and against the wall were his strange attendant was impenetrable, three or four heavy, high-backed chairs, intimating that every thing requisite for the prisoner's comfort would be supplied, but no questions answered.

When he had gone, Everard opened the great wooden chest, which was half filled weary hours of a captivity that continued week after week, without any apparent prospect of coming to an end. Threats and entreaties were alike unavailing to obtain any clue to the motive of the outagents of this secret enemy never came singly or without fire-arms, nothing could be effected by force, and at length the un-

trusting that time would solve the mystery. CHAPTER II. Mary waited day after day in anxious expectation of hearing from her lover, who had promised to write to her before he left England, and tell her to what part of Germany he was going, for he did not himself

know where the Baron's domain was situated. The days went by, still no letter came, and when three weeks had passed away without bringing any tidings, her uneasiness grew beyond her power of conceal-

child,' said her mother; 'the letter has, no doubt, been lost; he will write again as soon as he reaches his destination. But if an accident has happened to him, dear mother, in this long journey;

weather! I dread to think of it.' 'These are imaginary troubles, Mary. He is, as we all are, under the protection belt, entered the room, one bearing a load of Providence, and on that Providence you must rely. Be patient, my child, and all

Mary tried to be patient; but as time wore on and no news came of the absentee. up before the excited imagination of the her heart grew very sad, the bright bloom prisoner, for so he now deemed himself to faded from her cheeks, and the tears would be. He was acquainted, too, with the often rush unbidden to her eyes, as her history of the secret tribunals once so thoughts wandered back to the happy days

And so the spring-time arrived, Archer began to exhibit symptoms of a rapid decline, and then Mary thought less | not have you sacrifice your happiness on of her other sorrows, so terrible was the my account—we must not expect that his fear of losing this dear and cherished friendship will be continued. I only

It was in the midst of this affliction that cottage, and expressed his sorrow on ob- that was a vain delusion. Mr. Lonsdale serving the lady's increasing debility, at declared that if Mary persisted in refusing the same time requesting permission to him, he would return to Italy without send his own physician to see her, a pro- delay; but that if she consented to be his

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER | sons of Baron Steinbach, who was about now you know all about it, and you may good wine and strengthening diet; but, to visit Germany. smoking cauldron, the contents of which the rich man saw his advantage, for he ments of torture, he produced a loaf and and he thought he now saw his way to win the treasure he had so long coveted.

He sent the richest wines from his own cellar, and the choicest game from his preserves, and many costly delicacies to tempt the appetite that turned from ordinary food; and the beneficial effects of such nutriment were soon visible in the improved looks and returning strength of the invalid.

Mary guessed but too well the motive At least tell me—am I in England? for these attentions, and the reward that Why, what can it matter to you would be asked; yet she could not but whether you are in England or not? You feel grateful for kindness that had, in all won't see much of the country through probability, saved her beloved parent from

At length the dread offer was made .-It now, for the first time, struck Eyerard Mr. Lonsdale pleaded that Everard's that he was taken for somebody else; who silence was a proof of his inconstancy; on earth could have the least interest in that he had most likely formed some other his imprisonment? The instant this engagement; and that, at all events, his thought crossed his mind, he said, in a neglect was sufficient to absolve Mary from her plighted vows. These arguments had no effect on her.

She did not believe he was faithless .-It was easier to imagine his death than his falsehood; and if he were dead, what could she do but mourn his loss forever. Again, therefore, she rejected the proffered hand of her aged suitor, who did

not as before withdraw his pretensions,but continued to urge them with a perseverance that was truly distressing to the heartbroken girl, especially as her mother, who regarded the wealthy old man as her benefactor, and even as the savior of her ife, was won over to espouse his cause. 'My dear Mary,' she said, 'it would be

a great happiness to me if you could but would become of you if I should die?' 'Think not of that dearest mother. I

have no fears for myself; and oh, do not

ask me to marry while I am uncertain as was dead or false to me, I then, perhaps, should not care what my future lot might Thus passed the summer and the autumn; the trees were beginning to shed

their leaves, the wintry winds to blow, and Mary would often sit and listen to their melancholy wailing till she fancied that ed lover. One day when salone, and absorbed in

such meditations, she was aroused by the entrance of Mr. Lonsdale, whose countenance was graver than usual, as he took her hand and said in a hesitating voice-'Miss Archer, I can scarcely hope to be a welcome visitor this morning, for I

am the bearer of ill news.' 'Oh, sir, what is the matter? have you heard?'

'Nothing more than I anticipated. have heard tidings of Mr. Newton. 'Is he dead?' shrieked the affrighted girl, clasping her hands with intense

concerns himself. He is married.' 'I do not believe it!' she exclaimed wildly. 'Who told you this, Mr. Lons-

dale? You cannot think it true?' 'I can have no doubt of it, my dear young lady, here is my authority! And he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and pointed out the following

paragraph: On the 16th of September was married, at Aix la Chapelle, Rev. Everard Newton, late of Oxford, to Maria Grieslar, the rich widow of Cologue. The bridegroom is 26 the bride verging on 70; but as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so we presume gold covereth a multitude of wrinkles. The happy pair are making a tour of the chief continental cities, but it is understood their permanent residence will

be at Cologne.' This was a stunning blow for poor Mary. that had brought him into this strange sit-uation. By degrees he recollected how man. They were in a very dilapidated hands, the blood forsook her cheeks and Mary Archer was the only child of a he had been attacked on the common, and state, but to him they proved an inestima- quivering lips, the light faded from her as his senses became more clear, he was ble treasure, which served to beguile the eyes, a faintness came over her, and she would have fallen to the ground, but Mr. Lonsdale caught her in his arms and seat-

ed her gently on the sofa. Dear Mary,' he said, in the softest accents, 'This young man is unworthy of rage or the instigator of it; and as the such emotions. What you have got to do is to resent, and not to grieve.'

And then he added, as if speaking to himself, ' How degraded must be the mind happy captive resigned himself to his fate, of that man who could throw away so priceless a pearl as this!' Mary had struggled hard to keep her-

self from fainting, and she succeeded .--Her bursting heart found relief in a flood of tears; but the world was a desert now, it had no more joys for her, for the light of hope was extinguished, and all before her was dark and dreary. The old man touched her hand tenderly but respectfully with his lips and she did

not recoil, for sympathy with sorrow is very sweet, let it come from whom it may, and he saw with great exultation that a step was gained towards the object he had The winter was now approaching with rapid strides. The first snow had fallen,

and the frost glittered in the beams of the rising sun. Mr. L. came every day to the cottage, and people began to talk of Mary as his future bride. One day her mother said to her-

*I am afraid, dear Mary, this winter will try me very severely. If I could but feel that you were provided for, my mind would be at rest.' Oh, mother, mother, I cannot bear to hear you talk so! Think how much better you are than you were some months ago.

And why should you trouble yourself

about me? I am able to provide for myself, if need be; but now that you are so well, what is there to fear?' 'There is this to fear, Mary. I have been kept alive by the kindness of Mr. Lonsdale; but all that he has done is for with it came another sore trouble, for Mrs. | your sake, and in the hope of making you his wife. If that cannot be-and I would

> wonder it has lasted so long.' Mary hoped otherwise. She thought it would be centinued, but she soon found wife, he would remain in England, and

alas! the remedies he prescribed were Think well of this. You say you never beyond her means to obtain; and then can love again! Well, he it so. I shall be content with your esteem, and perhaps proved nothing worse than hot coffee, knew that Mary had never once heard that is all I have a right to expect of while from the basket, instead of instru- from her absent lover since his departure, one so young and lovely. Your mother shall live with us, Mary, and I will be the

friend and protector of you both.' Mary listened in silent sadness; she began to think it was wrong and selfish to consult her own feelings alone. Besides, what had she to care for in this world but the beloved mother who, should their only friend forsake them, would droop and die. And so the beautiful girl of eighteen consented to marry the little, deformed, greyheaded old gentleman of sixty-five, and everybody said what a fortunate girl match she had made. Bridal presents were lavished upon her, but they afforded her no pleasure. She felt more like a victim destined for sacrifice than a maiden awaiting her nuptial hour; nor could any persuasions induce her to become a bride till the anniver ary of the day of Everard's departure was past.

one day to mournful remembrance, and it it right and left, he thought of pressing it shall be the last.'

CHAPTER III.

Everard had languished for many weeks his mysterious prison without a prospect release, but how long he had been here he knew not, for he had taken no ecount of time, nor could he draw from Wolfe, his keeper, a single word to enlighten him as to what month it was, or even what day of the week.

He perceived by the change of temperature that the winter had passed away, and by the increasing warmth of the sun's rays, as they penetrated through the sky-light for a brief space each day, that the summer was advancing. Beyond this he had nothing to guide him, and but for the hope of being soon liberated, he would have sunk into a state of utter despon-

One thought tormented him incessantly, His Mary-what would she think of his long silence? Would she believe he had deserted her, and if she doubted him, would she still remain true?

The vigilance of his two masked gaolers was unabated, and if he asked any question as to the termination of his captivity, the only answer he could obtain was-'You are just one day nearer to it than

you were yesterday.' Wolfe, who was a tall, powerful fellow, was inclined to be jocose in speech, and after a while Everard began to look upon his visits as a relief from the monotony of silence and solitude. Nor was the man unmindful of his comforts. He brought his meals regularly, and supplied him with he did not neglect, thinking that, if he should be suddenly set at liberty, it would be as well not to re-enter society looking like a wild man of the woods.

But no such chance presented itself, and the summer was wearing away, for the days began to look gloomy, and the nights grew long and cold. Again the fire blazed on the hearth, the sun ceased to send his light into that dreary chamber, and Everard felt that the winter was

His fortitude was fast deserting him, he egan to give himself up to despair. The only source of enjoyment left open to him was the old chest with its store of time-worn volumes, far more precious in his eyes than gold and jewels would have been. The chest itself, too, had become an object of interest, for it was carved with grotesque figures, which he sometimes fancifully endued with life, and held with them imaginary conversations. One night, far on in the winter, and, as

seemed to him, about midnight, he retired to his pallet bed, leaving the fire still brightly burning on the hearth. His eyes rested as they often did, on the old oak chest in the opposite corner, on which the red glare of the embers, threw a brilliant light, so that the figures on the front were seen with remarkable distinctness. Among these was one to which he had taken a particular faucy. It was a dwarf monster, with a misshapen body, a huge head, and ugly, uncouth features, but pleasant-looking withal, exhibiting more of mirth than mischief in its strange, uncarthly countenance. He had so often gazed on this fantastic object, that it had assumed the character of a familiar acquaintance, almost a friend, and he had frequently amused himself by fancying that it smiled benignantly at him and seemed disposed to be upon quite intimate terms. On the night in question this impression was stronger than usual, and he kept his eyes fixed on the image as if fascinated by some irresistable spell, and as the light of the fire glowed on the dwarf's face, he could almost have sworn that the lips moved and the eyes rolled in

the head. He looked more intently, and presently the arms stirred, then the feet-then the whole figure becoming animated, stepped forth into the room, where it appeared about three times the size of the carved image, which was only a foot in height. 'Who and what are you?' demanded Everard, who felt neither surprise nor fear

at this extraordinary phenomenon. 'I am the guardian of this chest, replied the dwarf. 'For three hundred years I have kept watch over it, and have escued from imprisonment and death many a wretched victim of oppression by disclosing its secrets. Do you think, on foolish young man, that it contains nothing better than the worm-eaten books you have been poring over for the last twelve

'I have often looked into it,' said Everard. 'I have taken out all the books many times, but can find nothing else.' 'Seek farther,' answered the dwarf; the search will reward your pains.'

'Then,' returned Everard, ' since you seem so well disposed towards me, can you not tell me what this treasure is, and how I am to find it?' 'No, no. He who would benefit by the

it for himself.' And so saying, the strange apparition dwindled down to its original dimensions, and went back to its place, where it resumed the immobility of a wooden

discovery must have wit enough to make

Everard lay in a state of dreamy bewilderment, the vision, as it were, still floating before him, till daylight began to appear through the window above, and then he roused himself, and looked out on Springfield, and the announcement of his

adventure of the night was a reality or unexpected news indeed. He was now only a dream. Reason told him it was comparatively a rich man, and there was nothing but a creation of the brain during sleep, yet it dwelt powerfully on his mind.

As soon as Wolfe had left him, after

Joyfully and with a grateful heart he com-

crevice where there might be some secret in having secreted his bank notes, and on opening. But he had not enough light reaching London he only staid to take the for a very close inspection, as Wolfe had necessary steps with regard to the transfer taken away the lamp with him, so after of the living; and then proceeded with feeling every part with his hands, and all speed to Woodstock, for it was near finding nothing, he set about examining that the Archers resided. the outside, and made an effort to move Mary Archer was, and what an excellent it struck him that it was no moveable piece of furniture, but part of the room itself, and on rapping with his knuckles on the two sides that were against the wall, he found that one sounded more hollow than the other, and concluded

there was an opening behind it. That side of the chest then might possidownwards, when, oh joy unspeakable! it yielded at last, and disclosed an aperture that looked like a secret passage, but of this he could not be sure till he had a light to explore it.

Elated with this discovery, which corresponded so miraculously with his night vision, he drew up the artfully contrived door again, replaced the books, and closed the lid of the chest, just as the man came with his dinner.

He was too much excited to eat, so he complained of not feeling well; and this in the costacy for this unlooked for meetruse did him some service, inasmuch as it ing.

'Mary!' procured him about half a pint of brandy. which, in case of a nocturnal enterprise. he knew would be a very good assistant.

Never had any day appeared so long as this; but it came to an end at last. The lamp was lighted, his supper was brought in, and he was left alone for the night. He lost not a moment in beginning the work before him. He felt as if his liberty to her :was already regained; and having taken the books out of the chest and opened the sliding_door, he deposited the meat and bread left for supper, together with the small bottle of brandy, in his pockets, put on his travelling cloak and cap which fortunately had been restored to him, and placing the lamp in a lantern, so that the wind would not blow out the light, he passed through the opening and drew up the door, finding that he could open it on that side as well as the other, and thus the chest would, in the room, present its

ordinary appearance. The narrow passage he had entered with the means of making his toilet, which and at the end of about a hundred yards night I left you till three days ago I have seemed to run between two stone walls, steps, leading to a spacious vault. Here, by whom or for what—but I have escaped on the opposite side, was a low archway, and have come here to claim my promised that proved to be the entrance to a long bride, for I am now Vicar of Springfield. subterranean passage, extremely damp, but from which the free air was not ly, 'it is not too late.' altogether excluded, for Everard could now and then feel it blowing fresh and light broke in upon Everard's mind. cold in his face.

After walking on, as he supposed,

about a quarter of a mile, he came at trived the whole of this plot to take you length into a cave, that seemed to be from me.' hewn out of a rock; and the only means through upon his hands and knees. To then he followed with some difficulty, and ness. found himself once more standing in the open air, free to go where he pleased. His joy knew no bounds, and he uttered riage with Mary, but he never returned,

deliverance. the frost was crisp on the ground. from the appearance of the scene, as far as and went back to Italy. cared not, for any place where he was at called himself Wolfe, was safely lodged in liberty would have seemed a paradise to York jail, and was willing to confess to

The cold was intense, but he fortified himself against it by taking some of his Everard went down immediately brandy, and then he set forward briskly

he traversed without meeting with a sin- in the north of Yorkshire. Mr. Lonsdale gle human being, and the first inhabited came there, and tempted him with a sum place he came to was a small hamlet; but of money to assist in waylaying Mr. Newas no one was stirring there, he still went ton when he left Woodstock, and conveyon, though he was by this time very much | ing him to that obscure place, where he fatigued. At length he descried a solitary farm were sent to release him.

house, with some outbuildings, where he

thought he might find shelter for a few

found a truss of straw that served him for produced the insensibility which enabled a bed, and he slept there until the dawn. dogs, and not wishing to be observed, time of his liberation, when he was to be again set forth, rested and refreshed, for conveyed, while in a state of unconsciousbrought with him, and now that he could that he would never know where he had see the country he felt satisfied that he been imprisoned, consequently no discovwas not out of England -- an opinion that ery could take place. was soon confirmed by his arrival at a

large village, where he learned that he

was about five miles from the city of York.

To York then he determined to go, and clock was striking ten. His first care was to secure a place by talked of his miraculous escape, and the earliest coach for London, which he though Mary and her mother were both of was told would start from the inn at the opinion that what he had seen that twelve o'clock, and then he ordered some night was only a dream, he could never breakfast and a newspaper, intending by means of the latter to find out without asking the question, what was the month and the day, for he was still ignorant on

these necessary points. 'I'm afraid we have no paper later than Monday, sir,' said the waiter. 'Very well, bring me that. Let me see,

this is Thursday.'

'No, sir, Wednesday.' Ah, yes, Wednesday. Never mind let me have Monday's paper.' The paper was brought and he discovered that Monday was the 19th of January, consequently this was the 21st; therefore

he might yet be with Mary on the anniver-

sary of his departure, which was the twenty-seventh. But he found some intelligence in this paper of even more importance than the date. It was the death of the Vicar of

'For her sake, dear Mary,' he urged, the apartment, wondering whether the own succession to the benifice. This was his customary visit that morning, he took menced his journey, and being amply supout all the books from the chest, and got plied with money for traveling expenses in in to see if he could find any spring or consequence of his own prudent foresight

> It was the 27th of January, 1830, late the chest from its place, but it was fitted in the evening. Mary was sitting opposite into the corner as firm as a rock, and then the fire with some work in her hand, but gazing pensively on the showers of bright sparks ascending the wide chimney, and thinking of him who, on that same evening, the previous year, had sat by her side, painting with hopeful spirits their happy future, when marriage bliss should crown

their youthful love and constancy.

'I am sorry to see you so thoughtful, parture was past.

bly be moved if he could possibly find out the way, and after trying in vain to slide the had been reading; 'It looks as if you were unhappy, my child.'
'I will try to feel differently after to-

morrow, dear mother; but I cannot help thinking how this day was last year spent. Oh, how happy I wis then.'

At this moment there was a gentle rap at the door. Mary started up—her heart beat wildly. It was so like his knock. Then a voice was heard. 'It is he!' she exclaimed, and the next

instant she was clasped in his arms. All remembrance of his seeming inconstancy and his reported marriage was lost

'Everard!' The name of each was all that either of them for awhile could utter.

But Mrs. Archer did not lose sight of the condemning circumstances that should have restrained the young girl's joy, and she said with an air of severity not natural ' Mary, you forget what is due to yourself and what is due to your future husband. Mr. Newton, you must be aware-

that this visit is totally unexpected. Your

marriage broke all the ties between us, and

though I presume from your coming here

that your wife is no more, it does not alter our present relations. My daughter is no 'My marriage! my wife!' repeated the

astonished young man. 'What can you mean ?' 'It was not true, then?' said Mary.

You are not married. 'Oh, no! no! Who has poisoned your mind with such a falsehood! Since the 'Thank God!' Mary ejaculated fervent-

Everything was now told, and a new 'I see it all now,' he said. 'Mr. Lonsdale is a villain. It is he who has con-

And when the first emotions of surprise of egress from this was a hole, so small were in some degree abated, and they that it scarcely admitted of his crawling were able to talk composedly of the events that had taken place, all were agreed that accomplish this he was obliged to divest the bland old gentleman, who appeared so himself of his cloak and coat, which he mild and amiable, was a detestable hypoput through first, with his lantern, and crite at heart, and capable of any wicked-He had gone to London to make arrangements in contemplation of his mar-

into Yorkshire to search out the place of The moon was shining brightly, and his confinement and take the people they would find there into custody. He looked around, but could see no knew that all must be discovered, so he signs of the building he had left, and, placed his estate in the hands of an agent he could judge by the moonlight, he It was not long before the information thought he must be in a forest; but he was sent to Mr. Newton that the man who

his late prisoner who it was that had em-Everard went down immediately, and the man, with many expressions of contrialong a narrow path that, in about an hour, brought him to the verge of the been left, by a nobleman who had gone He was now upon a wide heath, which abroad, in charge of an old mansion house was to be detained a prisoner till orders

Wolfe's accomplice was an Italian belonging to Mr. Lonsdale's household, and hours; nor was he disappointed, for a barn | was the principal actor in the drama. It door stood invitingly open, and inside he was he who administered the opiate that them to execute their scheme; and the He was awakened by the barking of the same means were to be resorted to at the had eaten some of the food he had ness, to a distant part of the country, so Everard granted the man his forgive

ness, and as no one appeared against him he was set free. The lovers were soon united and Mrs. he reached the market place just as the Archer went to reside with them at the young vicar's new abode. They often

> quite overcome a certain degree of superstitious feeling respecting the dwarf of

DANKING HOUSE OF REED, HENDDERSON & CO.—On the 28th of MAROKI. Instant, the undersigned, under the firm of REED, HENDERSON & CO., will commence the Bauking Budicess, in its usual branches at the office hitherto cocupied by John K. Reed & Co., at the corner of East King and Duke streets, be tween the Court House and Sprecher's Hotel, Lancaster, Pat They will pay interest on deposits at the following rates.

51 of 20 days and longer.

They will pay and sell Stocks and Real Estate on commission, negotiate Losus for others, purchase and sell Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Draits, &c., &c., &c.

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West King street, Iau.

fervent thanksgiving to the Great for he heard of Everard's escape, and, Power that had sent him so wonderful a moreover, that police officers were sent